

VAPID



VAPORINGS.

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VAPID VAPORINGS.

JUSTIN THYME.

A little folly is a dangerous thing.

Drink deep or taste not the Pierian spring.

POPE—to a certain extent.



NOTRE DAME, IND.:
SCHOLASTIC PUBLISHING HOUSE.
1885.

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Arthur J. Stace, Jr.

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DEDICATION.

TO THE
STUDENTS OF NOTRE DAME UNIVERSITY, INDIANA,
PAST, PRESENT AND TO COME,
THIS LITTLE VOLUME,
MAINLY WRITTEN FOR THEIR USE AND BENEFIT,
IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED
BY
ONE OF THEM,
WHO CLUTCHETH WILDLY AT THE FORLORN HOPE
THAT SUFFICIENT WILL BE REALIZED
FROM THE SALE THEREOF
TO PAY THE FUNERAL EXPENSES,
ON A
VERY MODERATE AND UNASSUMING SCALE,
OF



The Author.

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PREFACE.

AWARE of the unpopularity of what is known as "spring poetry," the author has endeavored, in the following attempts at versification, to reduce his coefficient of elasticity to a minimum. For the same reason, and to avoid giving offence to any large class of his fellow-citizens, he has omitted his campaign ballads, flattering as were the encomiums kindly bestowed upon them at the time of their production. But such occasions as prompted the composition of "Though the Last Glimpse of Tilden with Sorrow I See," "Farewell, Farewell to Thee, Abraham's Daughter," "The Shirt that once through Terror's Hall" and the like, are by their very nature transitory; and the continuance of the present renewed "Era of Good Feeling" will soon obliterate them from memory. It is hoped that nothing published in this unpretending volume may tend to excite aught but sentiments of the most genial character, and it will then conform to the views of the public's most obedient very humble servant,

JUSTIN THYME.

Notre Dame, May 1, 1885.

EXEMPLIFICATIONS OF STYLE.

AN UNDESIRED PREFIX.

The decoration of the acrobat,
The negro-minstrel's boast, the shoe-black's handle,
Claimed by each clown that learns to "skin the cat,"
Each expert playing games not worth the candle !
Was it for this I burned the midnight oil ?
Called aorists my friends, and oft would dally
With sines and tangents until what was toil
Seemed pleasure ? though Dame Nature, outraged,
rally
Her rebel forces, led astray by mental application,—
Strike me with shattered nerves,
As such neglect deserves,
And drive me out to take vacation.

The title once, indeed, seemed hard to gain,
And hence the strain ;
But unto him who titles would refuse,
'Tis harder far to lose :
In vain I flee to parts unknown,—
Debauch my tongue with current slang,—
Scarce seven days have o'er me flown
Ere some well-meaning friend
Some letter or some postal-card will send—

May such go hang !—
From the address they cannot doff
That odious prefix “ Prof.”

Great Henry Wadsworth, borne on spirit wings
From thy long fellowship with earthly things !
In that bright sphere which now thou call’st thine
own—

Than which *Excelsior* shall ne’er be known—
In that bright sphere, say, do they ape the lesser
And outrage spirit ears by calling thee “ Professor ? ”
I pause for a reply ;
If “ aye,”
Then I
Shall hesitate to die !

FRENCH.

On being asked to translate La Fontaine's fable of the "Rat that Retired from the World."

Go, read our author in his native tongue !
Melodious French La Fontaine's muse hath sung.
Melodious French, whose tones no gutturals mar ;
With consonants dropped, avoiding every jar
It bids the vulgar throat its aspirates cease,
And let the gentle organs speak in peace.
By rosy lips and pearly teeth compressed
The dainty syllables on tip-tongue hang ;
Save when the nose descends to help the rest,
And give the *m* or *n* sonorous twang.
Melodious French still more melodious made
By sweet La Fontaine, delicate but strong ;
In one short word, more pow'r is oft displayed,
Than we could find in many a treatise long.
How, then, in homely Anglo Saxon speech
Should I pretend his subtle depths to reach ?

POETICAL LICENSE.

A RHAPSODY.

[WRITTEN IN ACCORDANCE WITH INSTRUCTIONS GIVEN IN
BULLIONS' GRAMMARS.]

"Such are a few of the licenses allowed to poets, but denied to prose writers; and among other purposes which they obviously serve, they enhance the pleasure of reading poetic composition, by increasing the boundary of separation set up, especially in our language, between it and common prose." — *English Grammar*, p. 283.

The more the better, then, it would appear. We shall, however, append notes, not only explaining the nature of the license used in each case, but also endeavoring to elucidate the peculiar beauties of the poem.—*J. T.*

I.

I had traversed the desert of Sarah,¹
And the end of my journey was near;
It was night in the suburbs of Cairo,
My heart had stagnated with fear,
For the moon shone disgustingly² clear,
And the ghost of the daughter of Pharaoh
Had thought it correct to appear.

N. B.—The numerals refer to the Articles in Bullions' Grammar.

1. Syncope and Synæresis for Saharah (1042). If a difficulty is found in making this word rhyme with "Cairo," pronounce each so that it will rhyme with "Pharaoh." They will then be found to rhyme with each other.

2. "Disgustingly"—an unusual term to apply to clear moonlight, but warranted by the consideration that if it had not been so bright, the ghost might not have been visible. Observe also how the paralyzing effect of fear is expressed by the irregularity of the lines in the stanza, two of the same kind following in unbroken succession.

Yes! that distinguished lady of antiquity had thought it not only proper, but under the circumstances, eminently advisable, to appear.¹

II.

You know unsuitable fear is
For persons to learning inclined ;
But in spite of my terrors, a series
Suggested itself to my mind,
Of facts that I needed, and, "Here is"²
The chance that I wanted to find.

III.

"Fair princess, although you are scary,"³
I'll venture the discourse to lead ;
You have come from your quarters so airy,⁴
Which, I'm sure, is a favor indeed ;
So now, I beseech you, preparey⁵
To answer my questions with speed.

1. And particularly by this long meterless line at the end. Observe, moreover, that it is assumed as certain that a princess of the rank, dignity and virtue of Pharaoh's daughter would certainly not appear without motives alike creditable to her head and heart. This confidence in the lady's judgment shows true gentlemanly feeling.

2. Ellipsis (1044)—supply "I said to myself."

3. This adjective is usually applied to the creature terrified, not to the object of terror. But see 1048, 3.

4. The Egyptian catacombs, from which the princess may be supposed to have come, are by no means airy. Quite the contrary, in fact. Still they might be termed so by way of flattery.

5. Paragoge (1042, 5.)

IV.

“By whom were the pyramids grand made?
 Were they really erected by Chops?¹
 And who was Sesostris’s handmaid?
 And was she not partial to hops?²
 And where are the tracks in the sand made
 By manna, whenever it drops?

V.

“Did you really indite on papyrus
 Your letters, and p'r'aps *billets-doux*?
 Do you think the opinion of Cyrus³
 On the Nile's inundations is true?
 Would the ancient Egyptians admire us
 If all our improvements they knew?

VI.

“Was it Hermes invented the feedle⁴
 From a tortoise that died of the itches?⁵

1. For Cheops by Syncope (1042, 3).

2. Either by Metonymy for “dances,” or by Synecdoche for “beer” (1046, 7, 9). I have not made up my mind which I mean. The intelligent reader will supply meaning where required.

3. As Cyrus is not known to have expressed any opinion on the subject, the object of the query is perhaps to test the authenticity of the ghost.

4. The most ancient form of the lyre resembled the guitar or violin. “Fiddle” is made “feedle” by Diastole, for which, and for Systole (note 13, *infra*), we refer you to Bullions’ *Latin Grammar* (367, 5, 6).

5. The itch is facetiously known as the “Scotch fiddle” in many places. The plural form is used to express abundance.

And did not Cleòpatra's ¹ needle
 Take some most tremendous long stitches
 When, the Roman triumvir to wheedle,
 She mended Mark Anthony's breeches?

VII.

"And how is old Pharaoh, your father?
 And is he addicted to drinks?²
 Can he shave—*when* he shaves—without lather?
 And What do you think of the Sphynx?
 I believe you're a mummy, the rather
 That ghosts can express what they thinks."³

VIII.

"I'm neither a ghost nor a mummy,
 But one of the boarders at Bill's.
 Don't stare like a dunce or a dummy
 Or one that is crazy with chills
 You are not in Africa, gummy ;⁴
 But our own little Cairo of Ills.⁵

1. "Cleopátra's" must here be pronounced with the accent on the antepenult, the penult being made short by Systole. See note 11, *supra*.

2. This question is familiar, not to say rude. It is evident that all fear of the ghost has departed. The sleeper is about to awaken.

3. "The Rules of Grammar are often violated by the poets." 1048. 4.

4. This may be either an epithet of obloquy applied to the person addressed, or an adjective qualifying Africa, from which continent many valuable gums are imported. Or it may have been suggested by the expression "by gum," so often attributed to American citizens of African descent.

5. The popular and legalized abbreviation of the name of the State of Illinois. We claim a patent on having discovered its adaptability to rhyme. It is also intended to hint at the frequent inundations which are the prominent "ills" of Cairo.

THE DUDE.¹

A LEGENDARY BALLAD.

[In the fantastic mythology of Persia, the "dudes" are a race of mischievous sprites employed by Eblis to lure the peris from paradise. They are punished by being compelled to gulp down molasses and brimstone from the Great Horn Spoon.]

I.

The dude hath donned his silken socks,
And devilled his flaxen hair
Till it stands erect,
With marked effect
To catch the popular stare ;
For well he knoweth those radiant locks
Impart an æsthetic air.

II.

He now to his gay gondola comes,
And twiddles his light guitar,
Prepared to float
On the castle moat
By the light of the evening star,
While snatches of opera tunes he hums
Or puffs at a choice cigar.

¹ Written soon after the first discovery of the dude, and before naturalists became as well acquainted with its habits as at present.

III.

“ Oh, come and sail in my gilded boat—

“ Come sail on the moat with me ;

“ By yon pale moon,

“ By the Great Horn Spoon,

“ I swear to be true to thee ”

The maiden lists to his amorous note,

And into the boat steps she.

IV.

But, alas ! the tide was running high,

And the gondolier was drunk ;

And the gilded bark

With maid and spark

Deep under the water sunk,

And had it not been for a fisherman nigh,

They had slept in an oozy bunk.

V.

Dishevelled and wet they fished her out ;

Dishevelled and wet was he ;

And the gondolier

Went home to his beer,

And got on another spree ;

But the dude remarked : “ You’re damp, no
doubt.”

To which she replied : “ I be.”

VI.

Now, ladies all, beware of the dude,
When glimmers the young May moor,
Nor go with him,
Unless you can swim,
To sail on the broad lagoon ;
And, dudes, remember that many have rued
To swear by the Great Horn Spoon.

TO THE OWL.

Hail, solemn fowl, well plumed and stern of eye !
With Pallas in mythology connected,
Why were you for a destiny so high
Selected ?

Was it for vocal melody ? Ah, no !
(You should not try to sing, indeed you or'tn't !)¹
Was it for beauty ? Nay ; 'twas that you're so
Important !

For all that human nature seeks to own, —
All that is best in what men see before 'em, —
May be summed up in this one word alone :
“ Decorum ! ”

Would we were all like you, most sapient bird,
Not silly things, as Momus and his 'crew are
Would we were all as pompous and absurd
As you are !

¹ The kind indulgence of the reader is respectfully requested on the occasion of the unwonted intrusion of the letter “r” into this word. There was no alternative, except to drop the “r” in “important,” a step whose ducidity should cause us all to hesitate.

AN AFFECTIONATE WARNING.

"Soyons poetiques, mes enfants, même au milieu des ennuis impitoyables de cette vie monotone." —*Mme. de la Rochefoucauld.*

AIR :—" *Call Me Pet Names, Dearest!*"

Keep off the grass, darling, keep off the grass !
 Stray not from orthodox paths as you pass ;
 Let the bright verdure untrampled remain,
 Clothing the dry arenaceous plain.
 Manifold checks its exuberance grieve,
 Sunburn and frostbite it needs must receive ;
 Add not your mite¹ to its woe, then, alas !
 Keep off the grass, darling, keep off the grass !

Blacksmiths have aprons to keep off the sparks,
 Swimmers torpedoes² to keep off the sharks ;
 Parasols keep off the hot solar beams,
 Stouter umbrellas the pluvial streams ;
 People who dwell 'mid malarial ills

1 Your mite of a foot, darling ! Your sweet itty tootsiewootsie.

2. Not as yet, possibly. But this poem is written for posterity, and who knows but in the rapid march of modern improvements some invention of this description may not mitigate the terrors of the vasty deep. P. S.—On second thoughts, perhaps it may be as well to acknowledge, frankly, that the rhyme was the chief, if not the only *raison d'être* of this charming little line.

Always have something¹ to keep off the chills,
Why not belong to a numerous² class?
Keep off the grass, darling, keep off the grass !³

1. Quinine, of course. What else would they have?

2. The words "and influential" are omitted by poetical license for the sake of the metre.

3. After this touching appeal, if any heartless wretch should be found on the grass, he must indeed be fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils.

TO ONE WHO FAVORS THE PHONETIC.

You sing with delight the amendment in store.
For ills that orthography vex ;
Saying: " Why should *q* cumber the alphabet
more,
Or Algebra boast of an *x* ? "
Of the *o-u-g-h*, that embarrassing form,
Your system would banish the trace ;
And to you will the heart of the foreigner warm,
If your vaunted improvement take place.

But think of the sweet recollections entwined
With letters in infancy learned—
Blest age when a marvel acceptance could find
And souls for the wonderful yearned.
When fair Cinderella and truculent Jack,
Of Giants the bane, were believed
The *k* that begins knuckle, knowledge and knack
Was with perfect composure received.

And later in life our attachments increase
As thought in its symbol we view ;
By phthisic distressed, with a comfort one sees
Distresses in spelling it too.

The pursing of lips when in debt or in doubt
Our mental perplexity shows,
And the *b*, though unuttered, is felt, when about
Our care to a friend to disclose.

Mark the undertone faint of the *n* in our hymn,
Suggestive, though deaf to the ear,
Of echoes angelic that fill to the brim
With joy the celestial sphere—
But you would this heavenly chorus suppress—
Oh! where are your feelings of shame?—
And make it a pronoun, objective—no less—
Which Tom, Dick or Harry might claim.

The eminent physicist shrinks in dismay,
As a fizzisist doomed to appear,
Whose least reprehensible hint will convey
An aroma of pop or root-beer.
And soon will the apophthegm cease to impress,
Bereft of its literal plumes;
For wisdom itself in a commonplace dress
A commonplace value assumes.

Think, too, what a rigid result you will find
Pronouncing, to spelling when pinned;
For the zephyr that blows is in poetry wind,
Though in prose we reduce it to wind.

And many a word unremembered, no doubt,
The same incongruity shows,
Where we, like the French, make a syllable out
Of the *e* that is silent in prose.

'Tis mute, but without it, the infinite brought
To an end most abrupt we deplore,
As we smother a sigh with the *h* at the thought
Of hours to be ours evermore.
Ye fields over which ideality ranged,
Green pastures of fancy, farewell!
Where notions for words were so aptly exchanged—
Rash man! you have broken the spell.

THE VICTIM.

He stood alone !

Alone he stood upon the deep sea shore,
Around him waves reverberating roar
 With never ending moan ;
And wild winds bluster as they did of yore,
 In ages that have flown !

And yet no bone—

No bone of fierce contention ever tore
Him from the threshold of his father's door
 Or made him helpless groan.
And yet his brow a shadow brooded o'er—
 Why standeth he alone ?

Was it some crone ?—

Some aged crone he met upon the moor,
That prophesied of ill, and clouds in store,
 And turned him into stone ?
Or was't a raven flecked with human gore
 That shrieked a warning tone ?

Nay, it was shown

He hither fled escaping from a bore,
An album fiend demanding verse *galore*,
 Who called him "drone,"
And cavilled at his privilege to soar—
 His literary throne.

A VISION OF THE COURT OF CHARLEMAGNE.

One morn a Peri at the gate
Of Eden failed to punctuate.—*Mure.*

I.

In his court King Charles was standing on his head a
golden crown
And his royal brow was wrinkled in a most portentous
frown

II.

Fifty courtiers entered walking on their hands were
jewels bright
Set in rings of gold and silver what a rare and splendid sight

III.

Four and twenty noble ladies proud and fair and ten
feet long
Were the trains that flowed behind them borne by
pages stout and strong

IV.

In a bow'r of fragrant roses the musicians now compete

Blowing trumpets with their noses they inhale the
fragrance sweet

V.

See the Queen how sad and tearful as the King cuts
off her head

One bright tress of hair at parting and she wishes
she were dead

THE SONG OF THE SPITTOON.

Morphin.—Je rêvais des plaisirs célestes. J'étais en haut de l'Olympe, avec Jupiter et les autres. Je brillais d'une splendeur divine. Je buvais du nectar. J'étais heureux ! Oh ciel ! Mais tout s'en est passé. Ce n'était que mon songe.

Argan.—Ah ! oui ! vraiment ! C'était mensonge.

—*Le Rêveur Malgré Lui.*

[In the following lyric, the Italian musical terms are used to give an idea of the style of performance which has been found most effective in each stanza. The *aria* is that which came into vogue in the summer of 1875, with the then popular song, "Perhaps She's on the Railway."]

I.—*Andante Grazioso.*

Once, as old Homer tells us, the Olympic Gods came
down
To sojourn with the Ethiops, then blameless¹ in re-
nown ;
And the latter in their gratitude, or else to have a
joke,
Taught their celestial visitants tobacco for to smoke.

CHORUS (*Spirituoso*) after each stanza :

Perhaps it was by accident, perhaps 't was by design,
But whether which or t'other it is no concern of
mine ;
For no matter how it started, we appreciate the boon
Conferred by great Minerva, in inventing (*sforzando*)
the spittoon.

¹ *Iliad*, Book I, verses 423-424.

II.—*Con fuoco.*

The gods were all delighted ; no nectar pleased like
this,
And e'en the gentle goddesses were fain to share the
bliss ;
From the dewy hours of morning to the glimpses of
the moon,
Old Olympus had a redolence like that of a saloon.

III.—*Moderato.*

Juno, of course, in public, to smoke would not be
seen,
But she slipped into the kitchen and she smoked
behind a screen ;
And Ceres, though for Proserpine she could not weep
enough,
Yet found a consolation in the intervening puff.

IV.—*Scherzando.*

Diana tried to stint herself to three cigars a day ;
But Venus found it easier to cast restraint away,
And people for a season were exempt from amorous
sweats,
For she kept the infant Cupid twisting up her cigar-
ettes.

V.—*Un poco piu piano.*

Vesta, you know, had always smoked¹ from golden
days of yore,

¹ Vesta is the personification of the domestic hearth.

And she wondered how the others had not found it
out before ;
The Furies smoked like fury, and the Fates did not
forfend,
While the Muses and the Graces in the general move-
ment blend.

VI.—*Adagio.*

But the azure-eyed Minerva with severely virtuous
scorn,
Viewed the shocking bad example set to millions yet
unborn ;
She sniffed the smoky atmosphere with much offended
nose,
And when they spit upon the floor how high her
choler¹ rose !

VII.—*Sostenuto.*

Now the floor of heaven is brass below and overlaid
with gold,
Inwrought with many a jewel, as by poets we are
told² ;

¹ When the collar rises high it is ruff.

² 'Ο οὐρανὸς χαλκοῦς ἐστὶ τὰ ἑξῆς. Ὑπερβάντι δὲ καὶ
ἐπὶ τοῦ νώτου γενομένης φωτὸς τὴ λαμπρότερον φαίνεται, καὶ
ἥλιος καθαρώτερος καὶ ἄστρα διαυγέστερα, καὶ χρυσοῦν τὸ
δάπεδον.

No wonder that Minerva, then, should murmur and
repine,
To see it soiled with spittle, though the spittle were
divine.

Instead of the chorus at the end of this verse, a grand *staccato* movement from the orchestra expresses the feelings of Minerva.

VIII.—*Largo*.

To remonstrate would be useless, as she could n't
help but feel,
So she sought to find a remedy the gross abuse to
heal ;
And after mighty pondering she solved the problem
soon,
From her (*calando*) depths of inward consciousness
evolving the SPITTOON.

(*Solemn and metaphysical symphony on the bass drum.*)

IX.—*Allegro Vivace*.

The invention was successful, and they recognized
its use,
'Twas calculated to instruct as well as to amuse ;
They all agreed Minerva for her skill had won the
belt,
And that a want had been supplied that long time
had been felt.

X.—*Maestoso.*

Now Jove was feeling jovial, as he often does, they
say,

He beckoned unto Mercury and bid him speed away—
Speed away and fetch Apollo, from Olympus long
exiled —

“Go bring him back now, Mercury,—no longer are
we riled.”

XI.—*Dolce.*

The wingèd-footed Mercury not sorry felt to go,
He sought Admetus' pasture, where Apollo was, you
know :

“Now, Poll, old boy, good news for you—the gov'nor
wants you back,

So leave your flocks and wing with me again the up-
ward track.”

(Solo on the lyre, expressive of Apollo's delight.)

XII.—*Prestissimo.*

Apollo gladly tuned his lyre, and sang, “I'm going
home,”

And then with Mercury set out to reach Olympus'
dome ;

And while they sped their heavenward way, he learned
the fashion new,

To smoke the fragrant meerschaum, just as you or I
would do.

XIII.—*Cantabile.*

That afternoon, Apollo, his adventures bid to tell,
Was smoking with the rest of them, and spitting, too,
as well ;
But though he'd learned from Mercury to smoke—
alas ! too soon !
He had not learned from Mercury the use of the
SPITTOON.

XIV.—*Tempo di Marcia. Con Brio. Giuocosissimo.*

Minerva poked it over, but he did n't seem to see
Just what it was intended for. "Minerva, dear," said
he,
"That's a handsome new invention, but it grieves me
much to state
If you don't remove it farther, I shall (*sforzando*) SPIT
IN 'T, sure as Fate.

(*Curtain.*)

CUMMING THREW THE RYE.

I.

Cumming was a temp'rance man
When other folks were by,
But p'rhaps you'd better not inquire
Where Cumming threw "the Rye."

CHORUS — Everybody loves his toddie,
Some are mighty sly ;
But every temp'rance fellow knows
Where Cumming threw "the Rye."

II.

Temp'rance folks will praise up water
From the rostrum high ;
Then they'll go and throw their gin
Where Cumming threw "the Rye."

III.

If a laddie meet a bottle,
Need he say, "Oh ! fie !" ?
If he need, then I should like to
Know the reason why.

IV.

Laddies, when you take your whisky,
Take it so-cial-ly ;
Don 't go off alone like Cumming,
Drinking on the sly.

THE POETRY OF MODERN IMPROVEMENTS.

[The Patent Office may not be supposed to furnish much poetical pabulum ; but we cannot forget that there was a time when bells were a modern improvement ; and if these be a subject for poetry, why not the steam-heating apparatus ? It is but proper to remark, however, that these lines are a reminiscence of the earlier form of the said apparatus, before some ingenious person found that he could diminish the racket by giving a gentle slope to the pipes ; and the last stanza refers to a winter long ago, when Brother Euphræsus had charge of the steam-house.]

I.

Hear the clicking of the steam—
 Genial steam !
What a world of comfort does its radiation seem !
 In the frosty air of morning,
 Ere the customary warning
 To arise ;
 As you doze—doze—doze—
 Protracting your repose,
With a tendency to open in your eyes.
 How it tingles ;
 How it mingles
In your fragmentary dream—
Does the clicking of the steam—
Does the seething and the breathing of the steam.
 Dreaming of a coming fortune,
 While a whiff of something scorchin'
 Greets your nose !

'Tis a mighty conflagration in a South Bend clothing
store,
And the heated blast is making you perspire at every
pore,
And you wish some one would fan you
As you issue with a bran-new
Suit of clothes—
You awake and find the same old duds still hanging as
of yore
At the corner of your bed,
And you scratch your puzzled head,
In half-awake perplexity accounting for your dream—
For the strange concatenation of ideas in your dream—
'Twas the steam !
'Twas the steam, steam, steam, steam, steam, steam,
steam !
'Twas the seething and the breathing of the steam.

II.

Hear the racket of the steam—
Noisy steam !
What a world of trouble does its turbulency seem !
With its rattle—rattle—rattle—
Like a big stampede of cattle,
Or a cannonade in battle,
It distracts the old Professor from his everlasting
theme :

“Prehistoric prototypes,”
As his glowing face he wipes,
With a much offended air—
With a sanguinary glare—
With a mad gesticulation and a grin of grim despair
At the pipes,
As they thump and they jump,
With the pump—pump—pump—
With the pumping and the humping of the steam.
To the student what a blessing—
He that, knowing not his lesson,
Still may keep his lips performing, and intelligently
gleam :
’Tis all that is required—
His proficiency’s admired,
And he owes a reputation to the steam—
To the steam, steam, steam, steam, steam, steam, steam,
To the thumping and the pumping of the steam.

III.

Mark the silence of the steam !
Absent steam !
What a world of misery its consequences seem !
How you shiver—shiver—shiver—
While a congelating river—
Seems to trickle—trickle—trickle
With a paralyzing quiver
With a sort of runic tickle,

Down your spine !
How that shuddering, icy stream,
In the absence of the steam,
Pervades your nervous system till sensation you resign,
If you send a requisition
To the steam-house—a petition,
You are told to look and see the solar luminary shine—
See the sun shine unbecclouded in the sky.
Though the sky it may clear, oh !
The thermometer's at zero,
And no one but a Nero
Your petition would deny.
But the people—they who spurn us—
They who regulate the furnace
And exercise untrammelled jurisdiction o'er the coals—
And exercise discretionary sway upon the coals—
They refuse to hear our cry :
“They are neither man nor woman—
They are neither brute nor human—
They are ghouls.”
Thus we quote the words of Poe,
And our indignation show,—
Yes ; we vent our indignation in a scream—
In the utterance of a loud, unearthly, weird, satanic
scream,
At the failing of the steam—
Of the steam, steam, steam, steam, steam, steam, steam,
The railing at the failing of the steam.

ASK ME NOT WHY.

I.

Ask me not why the moonbeams lie so pale
 (Though mere reflections of a golden glare)
In silvery shimmering athwart the vale
 Beyond compare.

II.

Ask me not wherefore roses breathe perfume—
 That rich perfume to other flowers denied,
Why they are chosen from the mass of bloom
 To be its pride.

III.

Ask me not why the diamond shines so bright,
 Although it be but charcoal in disguise,
Chemists may solve this mystery aright—
 I'm not so wise.

IV.

Ask me not why the human youth stops short
 At six feet high, nor grows to seven or more ;
Nor why obesity occasions sport,
 Though it's a bore.

V.

Ask me not why Dame Nature's various laws
Conflict among themselves, or run a-muck !
Ask me not several other things, because
I should be stuck.

VI.

But if you must be so importunate,
And bitter questions mingle with my cup,
For sole response I humbly beg to state,
I give it up.

CHANSONS PHYSIOLOGIQUES.

MRS. BLOGDEN'S DEMAND.

[This is as literal a translation as could be made, consistently with the preservation of metre and rhyme, of the first of those exquisite *Chansons Physiologiques* of the Abbé Tirebouchon, which have contributed so much to the education of the masses, by spreading among them scientific truths arrayed in the attractive garb of poesy. In the original it is entitled "*La Demande de Mme. Blaguedent.*"]

I.

"How I wish," Mrs. Blogden remarked, "I could
fly!"

While pensively sipping her tea,
As she gazed on a flock of wild geese going by,
Whose pinions extended were cleaving the sky,
"How happy those creatures must be."

II.

"If wings from my shoulder-blades only would
sprout,

How gay through the clouds I would whirl,
Like those dear little Cupids that used to come out
On the letters St. Valentine's Day brought about,
Which I often received when a girl!"

III.

The learned Professor, with elegant ease,
To her fond aspirations replies :
“To mar so poetic a dream will displease ;
Yet the ‘dear little Cupids’ that poetry sees
Are monsters in science’s eyes.

IV.

“Of the fowl that has furnished our modest repast
Some osseous fragments remain,
And on those of the wing, if your eye you will cast,
Your own observation will aid you as fast
As the words that I use to explain :

V.

“The *humerus*, *ulna* and *radius* here
In beautiful order you find :
And now in your skeleton arm will appear
The very same bones, as is perfectly clear,
In the very same order combined.

VI.

“So you plainly perceive that an arm is a wing,
Though somewhat deficient in feather ;
And no vertebrate animal, though he were king
(I hope to your mind the conclusion I bring,)
Can have wing and arm both together.

VII.

“’Tis true supplementary limbs may be found
In butterflies, spiders, and such ;
But you wouldn’t, I think, if your reason is sound,
Wish to give up your backbone and flounder around
With *articulata* — not much ! ”

VIII.

But here Mrs. Blogden got mad, and declared
That such language was awful indeed.
And that he could repeat it again if he dared :
Here she lifted a broom. The Professor prepared
To flee from the table, and never more cared
Conversation in that way to lead.

THE STRAWBERRY FESTIVAL.

(This is *La Fête aux Fraises*, of the Abbé Tirebouchon. Its peculiar charm lies in the fact that it not only describes the function of alimentation with an elegant simplicity, but it serves also as a warning to the superfluously enthusiastic student not to display his newly-acquired erudition at an unseasonable time. Observe that the paronomasia in the seventh stanza is one of those rare examples of this kind of wit which happen to be translatable.)

I.

A physiological student one day
Of strawberries went to partake,
And finding himself in a company gay,
He took the occasion a little display
Of his favorite science to make.

II.

"How few do we find," he began, "that will pause
When luxuries luscious surround,
To reflect on the great alimentative laws
Which determine the course of what passes the jaws ;
But let *us*, at least, be profound !

III.

"These berries, conveyed to the mouth, are designed
By the teeth triturated to be,
And then they will pass, with saliva combined,
Through the pharynx and down the œsophagus, mind !
To the stomach, as all will agree. —

IV.

“Now, let us examine what passes below,
When the juices called gastric secreted
Therein—(Here the ladies all got up to go ;
But he didn't observe it, because he was so
Absorbed, till his task was completed.)

V.

“These juices convert it to chyme, and it goes
Through an aperture called the pylorus,
Excepting the peptone, which soaks out and flows
Right into the veins, we are led to suppose,
For the walls of the vessels are porous.

VI.

“Now the chyme passing through the pylorus, to wind
Through the smaller intestine begins,
Where the bile and the juice pancreatic we find,
Make chyle of the chyme to their workings consigned
And this chyle through the lacteals spins.

VII.

“Though a pun is offensive in many respects
An offense at which no one should smile—
Yet we scarcely can censure a mind that reflects
That a *change in the liquids* is that which effects
The conversion of chyme into chyle.”

VIII.

But here looking up for the laugh, with surprise

He found himself left all alone,

And he sighed as he added : "Alas ! how unwise

Are the multitude ! Gossip and fashion and lies

They relish ; but if to instruct them one tries,

One might as well talk to a stone."

THE LADY ANATOMIST.

(The proposition to admit ladies to the medical profession is a novelty in Europe, although we have become familiar with the idea in the United States. Nothing, however, can quite reconcile the popular mind to the presence of ladies in the dissecting room, engaged in studies of which sheer necessity alone can warrant the prosecution even by men. This *chanson* merely illustrates a view which the general reader would naturally take of the case. In the original it bears the title of "*L'Offrande du Cœur*."')

I.

So fair is her face and so classic her brow
No pen can her beauty portray ;
But in vain do the Graces her figure endow,
She is cold as a vestal, though bound by no vow,
And she casts adulation away.

II.

From her lips scientific the words that are heard
Seem to issue direct from her brains ;
Like Minerva, whose owl she has always preferred,
Regarding it as a superior bird
To the doves Cytherea maintains.

III.

Yet low at her feet see the youngster that sighs,
And offers her jewels and gold ;

While in piteous strains his entreaties he plies
To gain,—were it only a glance from her eyes,—
Yet he obdurate finds her, and cold.

IV.

“But let me interpret thy silence aright;—
I know I was wrong from the start;—
Thou car’st not for gold or for jewels so bright;—
Mere wealth can afford to thy soul no delight;—
Then I offer thee, dearest, my heart!”

V.

A gratified flash from her eye he observes,
And he can but rejoice at the sight.
“’Tis just what I wanted—blood vessels and nerves,
And muscles contracting in regular curves!—
I’m obliged to you, really, sir, quite!”

VI.

“I’ll examine your auricles, ventricles too,
(While the muscles relax and contract,)
And the valves that the swift-flowing blood passes
through,
And I’ll see what the *chordæ tendineæ* do,
And how the aorta must act.

VII.

“And since you’re so free with your heart, I suppose

That your lungs you will also donate,
With the air cells and bronchial tubes they enclose;
I’ll keep them in spirits”—but here he arose
With his love metamorphosed to hate.

VIII.

“I’ll be blown if you will!”¹—it was all he could say,

Though his feelings tumultuous raged.
So he bowed a farewell; but he called the same day

On another young lady just over the way,
Who didn’t anatomy study, and they
In less than a week were engaged.

¹ The French expression here is a horrible blasphemy, which we have thought better not to translate literally, preferring a phrase which, though ungrammatical, is perhaps innocuous.

ADIPOSE TISSUE.

AIR: — *The Old Oaken Bucket.*

Hail to thee ! Hail to thee ! Adipose Tissue !
Bland, oleaginous, soft and serene !
Gladly we welcome thee, sadly we 'd miss you !¹
Long may thy presence enliven the scene.
Should we resolve to renew Dr. Tanner's
Rash but instructive endeavor to fast,
Aided by thee we might flourish our banners
Long as thy stores alimentative last.

CHO. : Here 's to the Tissue,
The Adipose Tissue,
The darling old Tissue
That maketh us swell !

Thou givest fullness and grace to the members ;
Gently they roll when rotundity reigns.
Thou dost protect us from cruel December's
Blasts that would chill the best blood in our veins.
Woe to the wretch that by thee is forsaken,
Shivering, frost-bitten, faint and forlorn ;
Ne'er may thine aid from my system be taken —
Ne'er from my ribs may thy rampart be torn !

CHO. : Here 's to the Tissue, etc.

¹ As this lyric is in the solemn style throughout, the commonplace form of the pronoun is only introduced here by poetical license, to comply with the exigencies of the rhyme.

THE GASTRIC JUICE.

AIR: — *Gaily the Troubadour.*

I.

Gaily the Gastric Juice
Tackleth the hash,
As thro' th' œsophagus
Down doth it splash.

CHO. : Singing : “ To welcome thee
“ Hither I sail ;
“ Lady Dyspepsia
“ Ne'er shall prevail.”

II.

She at such arrogance
Hopelessly wept,
While still the patient to
Plain living kept.

CHO. : Singing : “ Too long hast thou
“ Plagued me of yore ;
“ Lady Dyspepsia,
“ Rule here no more.”

III.

Hark ! 'tis the cocoa-nut
Breathing her name,
As to the cardiac
Portal he came.

CHO.: Singing: "To herald thee
"Hither I come;
"Lady Dyspepsia,
"Haste to thy home."

THE NERVOUS SYSTEM.

AIR:—*Blue Bells of Scotland.*¹

I.

Oh where, and oh where is your Nervous System
gone ?

And oh where, and oh where is your Nervous System
gone ?

Oh ! it's gone to smash completely, and my Reason's
fled her throne,

And it's oh ! in my heart, that I'd let my books
alone !

II.

Oh how, and oh how did you get so awful bad ?

And oh how ! and oh how did you get so shocking
bad ?

Oh ! 't was Logic, Mathematics and Æsthetics that I
had,

And it's oh ! in my heart, that I'd stayed at home
with dad !

¹ A grinding organ, where this can be afforded, will be found the best instrumental accompaniment to this lay.

III.

Suppose, and suppose your disorder can't be cured?
And suppose, and suppose your disorder can't be
cured?

Oh! I'd buy some shot and powder and get my life
insured,

And I'd blow out my brains when the payment was
secured.

MUSIC.

Listen, Charles, this conversation will be instructive.—*Irish Tutor.*

Sibylline muse ! thine occult page unroll,
And say why music charms the human soul ;
Charms, too, not only man — with rational mind —
But lower animals the fascination find.

Have we not seen the hound in terror cowed
By the bold Band with drums and cymbals loud ?
When by the orchestra some air is played
His brute anxieties are soon allayed ;
The mild expression of his ears observe
While wags his round unvarnished tail in placid
curve.

The cat, domestic pet of cruel race,
Will gaze upon the fireside flutist's face,
Her wistful mien would seem to say : " I see
Some memory of the past portrayed in thee ;
Some caterwaul thy plaintive strains suggest,
That thrills my feline heart." If not expressed,
This might be understood ; nor deem it wrong
Of poets Greek, that in their lyric song,

Where strophes mixed with antistrophes blend,
They give the fatal cat a strophe at the end.

The war-horse champing, at the bugle sound,
His bit, impatient for the fight, will bound ;
The martial music stirs his pulses fast,
But leaves him *hors(e) du combat* on the plain at last.

The serpent, subtlest of the creature throng,
Forgets his subtlety and lists to song ;
Betrayed of mankind, by song betrayed,
His poisoned fangs are all innocuous made.
Tell, then, O Muse, the hidden pow'rs that wake
In man, and man's worst enemy, the snake,
Such transports, that, to other instincts dead,—
Self-preservation, first of instincts, fled —
They give themselves entirely up, nor care
Whether to-morrow's lot be foul or passing fair.

“Fond mortal, cease,” the heavenly maid replies :
“Study anatomy, and then be wise :
Sound is the rippling of vibrating air,
Which strikes the tympanum and causes there
A titillation, either strong or weak,
And if in tune — or chiming, — so to speak,
With other titillations lately past
Or present, the sensorium as fast

Records its approbation, and the mind
Accepts the record. This the cause you 'll find
Of music's charms." "Oh, yes ; I 've read all that;
But how—?" "There ! that 's enough, boy ! —
verbum sat !

Do n't ask so many questions." So she said ;
As back to her Parnassian home she swiftly sped.

RHYMES IN SEASON.

THE JANUARY THAW.

I've seen thousands and thousands of Januaries, and I never saw one without a thaw yet.—*Lady of Very Uncertain Age.*

RECITATIVO.

Let others sing the joys of Spring,
Or Autumn's glories feebly bring
Before our satiated gaze,
Familiar with their works and ways,
Such worn-out themes suit poets raw :
I sing the January thaw.

ARIA.

The cold snap is o'er and the breezes
From southerly regions blow ;
No longer the wayfarer freezes
Though the earth be still covered with snow.
For soon shall the snow-drift be melted,
Its texture enables the boys
To mould that soft missile, which pelted,
The pompous too often annoys.

The snow with its ice-fetters busted¹
Descends from the roof with a rush,

¹ The *r* in this word adds nothing to its force, but rather detracts from it; so that energetic persons usually omit it, and the poet has judiciously followed their example.

The boys from the lake come disgusted
Unable to skate in the slush.
In your cutter with somebody's daughter
You are p'rhaps just about to propose,
When a mixture of mud and snow-water
Splashes up and alights on your nose.

When Numa Pompilius invented
This month as the gate of the year,
Egeria kindly consented
To make it a month of good cheer :
‘Though Boreas reigns at that season,
Some days we will snatch from his law ;’
And the zephyr she breathes is the reason
Assigned for the regular thaw.

Then here's to old Numa Pompilius,
And here's to Egeria, too ;
With courtesy ever punctilious
We give them the praise that is due :
For though we love sleighing and skating
Yet still 'tis a comfort to draw
A breath of that rigor-abating
Sweet breeze that occasions the thaw.

THE GROUNDHOG TO HIS SHADOW.

Perturber of my hibernating dreams !
 Dark, fateful child of wintry solar beams —
 Of that chill sunlight, powerless to thaw,
 Companion of the breezes, bleak and raw,—
 Say, dost thou lie in wait my hopes to blight,
 When I awake from this long winter's night —
 To dog my footsteps, chase me back to earth,
 Put off for six weeks more my second birth ?
 Molest me not, dire phantom, troublous elf,
 Malevolent presentment of myself ;
 Let thickening clouds obscure the solar ray,
 So oft desired, so undesired to-day,
 Then shall I revel in Dame Nature's lap,
 Nip the young twigs and taste the ascending sap;
 A jocund life of genial days commence !
 So mote it be ! Hence, horrible shadow, hence !

FEBRUARY 2, 1885.

THE SNOWS OF MARCH.

The snows of March, the snows of March,
How pitiless they fall,
While hearts made sick by hope deferred
In vain on springtime call.

For many days the blue bird's song
Has echoed thoughts of cheer :
The robin's too confiding breast
Has shown its crimson here ;

The cottonwood, with bursting buds,
Responds to fostering rays,
And golden tints on willow twigs
Foretell of brighter days.

Yet ceaseless snows, unwelcome snows
Still pitilessly fall
And check the vernal energies
Beneath their ghastly pall.

We shrink not from November's snow,
That soothes the chafing air,
And covers Summer's ruined hopes
With glittering gems and fair :

Nor from December's full supply,
When snow birds sport with glee,—
And merry sleigh bells tell of joys
For winter days to be.

But these unsought-for, lingering snows,
Have naught for us in store ;
Their only mission seems to teach
The sigh of "Nevermore."

NOW BEGINNETH THE HOT SPELL.

My languid forces fail,
Relaxed my muscles are, unstrung my nerves :
 The heated gale
Blows from the South : a fan's of no avail ;
Straight from the South it blows, and never swerves,—
 I pant, I sink, I die,
And thus I sigh—
 Thus do I make my moan :
 “O Torrid Z^one,
O land between the tropics, near the sun,
Say, do thy sweltering millions passive lie ?
Or tell me how their work in life is done :
What strengthens them,—what keeps their courage up ?
What braces up their nerves, and fills the cup
 Of life with joy ? Tell me, O Z^one !”
The haughty Z^one replied not to my moan,
But Echo, lingering in a grotto near,
Answered in accents clear :
 “Ozone !”

ODE TO THE DOG-STAR.

Hail ! brilliant asterisk, most radiant orb
 Of all the "fixed" that gem our winter sky !
 No wonder that thy splendor should absorb
 The astronomic mind, and make it fly
 From nearer worlds, fondly to ask thee why
 Thine influence, so blest in winter's night
 Should be perverted by the summer's day,
 Is it from jealousy of Phœbus' ray ?
 And since thou seest mankind are oft laid low by a
 Stroke from the sun, thou think'st it is but right
 To strike thy kindred dogs with hydrophobia ?

In ancient Egypt, where perpetual Nile
 Rolls from the South his fertilizing flood,
 The farmer views thy rising with a smile,
 As portent of a fresh supply of mud —
 Mud that to him means human flesh and blood,
 With grain the medium of assimilation.
 He listens for the hypothetic bark —
 Which, realized, might fill with consternation —
 And when he hears it, bundles up his traps —
 His agricultural implements, perhaps,—
 To reach his mountain home before 'tis dark.

In this our Western land thou hast thine aids,
Thy coadjutors in thy black intention,
(Black as perdition, or the ace of spades)
To drive us crazy. Presidential vetoes
Or any other evils you could mention,
Are light compared with these of your invention,
These aids of yours—of course, I mean mosquitoes—
Thou rul'st the day and they pervade the night
And leave poor man without a refuge quite.
No wonder from such tyrants to escape,]
E'en for another in a worser shape,
We seek the Muses' aid, in sheer poetic spite.

But tell us now,—I hope it isn't wrong to
Ask such a question : or you must excuse me —
To tell your lineage, though, you can't refuse me —
Or say, in short, what breed do you belong to ?
Are you a spaniel, or a black and tan,
A "yaller dog," or p'rhaps a thorough bull,
A mastiff, may be, and of fury full —
A Newfoundland — the constant friend of man ?
But no ! no friend of human kind art thou,
Thou rabid, raging, ugly mongrel beast —
Such do we deem thee, rising in the East,
Yet, when thy Western goal is reached, as now,
By long acquaintance come to know thee better
We recognize thy merits as a setter.

FURTIVE SNATCHES AT HASH.

THE MEETING OF THE WAITERS.

[This is a very ancient poem. It is alluded to by "Mrs. Crummy," one of the characters in the popular drama of the "Irish Lion." Its existence was for a long time a matter of doubt among the learned, but after much unseemly contention and savage vituperation, it was at length unearthed from the Archives of the St. Cecilia Philomathean Association. It will be seen at once that Moore's "Meeting of the Waters" is a wretched wishy-washy imitation.]

There is not in this wide world a wreck so complete
As the crash of the plates when two bright waiters meet.
Oh ! the last drops of gravy and soup must depart
Ere the shattered remains are consigned to the cart ¹

But 'tis not the collision that spreads o'er the scene,
The fragments of crystal and bits of tureen;
'Tis not the soft flop of the hashes they spill,
Ah ! no, it is something more exquisite still.

'Tis that boys who love mischief are painfully near,
Who drive the head-waiter half wild with a cheer,
And who feel how the best jokes will always improve
When reflected from eyes that the humorous love.

Sweet dining apartment, how calm could I rest
At thy tables serene with the chuck I love best,
While digestion proceeds with a conscience at peace
And our weight, like thy waiters', may daily increase.

¹ The time-honored *cart* of our refectory must not be confounded with the conventional *carte* of the modern hotel.

THOUGHTS ON HAVING SAUSAGE FOR
BREAKFAST.

How nice, when at morn we descend,
The succulent sausage appears ;
While odors deliciously blend
In a rich *tout-ensemble* that cheers.

And yet would calumnious spite
E'en here a suspicion instil ;
E'en here would its venomous blight
Forbid us our joy to fulfil.

For some would persuade us the purp
And his tougher old father, the dog,—
That the cat and her kittens usurp
The place of the orthodox hog.

How quickly such calumnies vile
Thy genial presence dispels ;
The libel we meet with a smile,
And our conduct our confidence tells.

How snugly we gather thee in,
While gravy so unctuously drips,
And our faces expand in a grin
As we lift thy loved form to our lips.

PEANUTS.

I.

Oh, how detestable,
Is this comestible !
Doctors denounce them as quite indigestible.

II.

Still the boys munching them,
Cracking and crunching them,
Vainly expect the effect of a lunch in them.

III.

Stuffed to satiety,
(Farewell, propriety !)
Still they go cracking on, pests of society.

IV.

Symptoms of cholera,
Making them holler "ah !"
Soon supervene, while the peanuts they swaller, ah !

V.

Would you our gratitude
Gain, from our latitude
Drive this abuse ;—it would comfort us, that it
would !

VI.

Banish it utterly ;
Nuts in the gutter lay ;
Then I 'll subscribe myself, yours, sir, peanutterly.

KNOCKS AROUND THE ROCKIES.

RECOLLECTIONS OF SAGUACHE.

[After many weary weeks in the desolate cañon of the Lake Fork of the Gunnison, our engineering corps was sent to the rich agricultural region around Saguache. The month was October, but the *rancheros* were getting in vast crops of hay, and oats were green in the fields.]

I.

By swelling hills begirt around
And sheltered from the gale
Whose gusts unceasingly resound
Throughout San Luis vale,
How favored thou with genial air,
How bright in sunshine, and how fair
Beneath the moonbeams pale !

II.

What ores thy braes, Bonanza, bear
No tongue of man may tell ;
And matchless are the virtues rare
Of famed Pagosa's well.
The sick seek these ; the former, ill
With maddening cares more fatal still,
Her busy hordes indwell.

III.

No miners crowd Saguache's marts
In feverish lust of gold ;

No sulphurous taint its worth imparts
To waters pure and cold.
Let other cities find such aid ;
But her foundations, firmer laid,
Rest upon wealth untold.

IV.

Recumbent on their fragrant loads
The gay rancheros sing ;
The droves of kine that throng the roads
Show whence their riches spring ;
From the broad fields of waving grain.
A threefold crop the farmers gain
And live as lives a king.

V.

How grand to them thy peaks that scale
The wondrous views displayed :
The lakelets of San Luis vale
By sunlight mirrors made ;
Behold, in atmospheric change,
Sangre de Cristo—mighty range
Advance, recede and fade.

VI.

At morn a thousand sunlit hills
With rosy blushes glow ;

At noon a thousand crystal rills
 With golden ripple flow ;
At eve an amethystine hue
Steals slowly o'er the distant view,
 Empurpling all below.

VII.

Go on, Saguache, and prosper still
 Beneath thy golden sun ;
Grow brighter, mightier until
 The destined goal is won ;
Unrivalled then assume the place
Reserved for her that wins the race
 By thee so well begun.

THE BALLAD OF THE FEROCIOUS UTE
AND THE CRAFTY COOK.

The Ute got up on his high,¹ high horse
And struck the Gunnison trail :
The dread design of his reckless course
Was death to the faces pale :
At the whoop he whooped, without remorse
The stoutest hearts might quail.

The cook alone in the Railroad camp
Is cooking the evening meal ;
He hears afar the horse's tramp
And the Indian war whoop peal,
And he knows too well that with men of that stamp
It is nasty to have to deal.

Then swift ran he to the office tent,
While the war-whoops louder grew ;
For the red, red ink he quickly went,
For the red ink and the blue,
And the colors he mixed and skilfully blent
To a shade of purple hue.

1. Figurative. The Ute ponies are quite small.

He speckled his hands—he speckled his face
With blotches both many and wide,
Until he resembled a sad, sad case
Of small-pox putrefied ;
Then under his blankets he crept apace,
His enemy's wrath to bide.

The Ute descends the beetling rocks,
Intent upon scalps is he ;
But the cook's appearance rudely shocks
His dreams of barbarous glee ;
For much he dreadeth the small, small-pox
E'en more than the old Harree.

He gazed on the cook's empurpled skin
And he briefly muttered " How ! "
Then sudden turned he from the ways of sin
And was off with troubled brow ;
But the cook arose with a gratified grin—
He was safe from the Indian now.

From this a lesson we ought to learn,
(As we listen with due surprise)
How good in evil we may discern,—
So ever have done the wise,—
For man can even, to serve his turn,
The small-pox Utilize.

THE LAY OF THE CACTUS.

ARIA: *El Uso del Verde.*

I.

Oh ! glorious is the cactus in the merry month of May:
With crimson, pink and amber hues the mountain side
is gay ;
You might travel many a weary league nor see a view
so bright ;
But the cactus isn't just the thing to sit upon—not
quite !

II.

I was scrambling up the cañon side my level on my
shoulder —
The way was steep and treacherous with broken stone
and boulder,
And one uncertain foothold brought a trouble unto me,
For upon a rampant cactus I sat down so suddenlee.

III.

If you sit upon a thistle, it may startle you, 'tis true,
Yet when you rise the thistle's thorns are growing
where they grew ;

But the stickers of the cactus will desert the parent stem,
And attach themselves to any that make overtures to them.

IV.

As the squaw from out her husband's chin doth carefully erase
Each sprouting hair that threateneth to beard his gentle face,
So from me a friendly flagman undertook the extrication,—
Each individual thorn required a separate operation.

V.

And while the friendly flagman for those cruel thorns did look,
Beneath his patient surgery I shivered and I shook ;
And though he said they all were out, that is, all he could get,—
Is it fact or is it fancy ?— sometimes I feel them yet !

AN OVERDONE SUBJECT.

AIR : Rosin the Bow.

I.

Oh, give us a rest with your Rockies,
Your cañons and gulches and springs ;
Apparently, some people's stock is
Restricted to that sort of things.
Pike's Peak—Uncompahgre—Mount Blanca —
I've seen them and taken their scalps —
Their levels, I mean, and they rank a
Long way below Andes or Alps.

II.

I've crossed at a moderate amble
The Great Continental Divide ;
It's only two jumps and a scramble
To get up on old Shavano's side.
A man in contemplative mood 'll
Find little to set him aglow ;
No hill of the wretched caboodle
Ascends to perpetual snow.

III.

Nor does their appearance betoken
A grandeur of substance or mode ;

They look like the heaps of stone broken
To mend a macadamized road.
And as for the climate, 'tis buncombe.
To talk of salubrious air,
Most invalids die there, and some come
Back twenty times worse than they were.

IV.

Oh, who that has stood on Plinlimmon
And viewed the bright prospect below,
Would e'er give a blighted persimmon
For all Colorado can show
When some would persuade me to dwell in
Those regions of cactus and sage,
I tell them to go to Helvellyn,
And that sends them off in a rage.

VINDICTIVE AND MANIACAL.

TO A NEIGHBORING EDITOR.

[His name will be found concealed in the figure *paronomasia* in the eighth stanza. His offence consisted in the manner in which he described me among the eligible bachelors in his leap year (1876) column. He deducted at least ten years from my venerable age. The poem is constructed on strict mathematical principles.]

I.

I've a quiet disposition, but the unprovoked attack
Which you made upon me recently deserves an answer back.
For talent conversational you've made me out a bear,
And you've robbed me of the summers that have
thinned my golden hair.

II.

Do n't think your predecessors' luck to share, and bid
defiance,
Their assailants did not have recourse to mathematic
science,
Their "Gunnery and Projectiles" they neglected,
every one ;
But I've got a little formula for loading up a gun.

III.

And before I kill you utterly and put you out of pain
I'll make you roar for mercy — that you'll never do 't
again.

I'll heap inflictions on you with accelerating force,
And put you through the torture of a mathematic
course.

IV.

I'll pass a polar axis through your centre of gyration,
And then reduce to lowest terms your "personal
equation,"

I'll differentiate you from your forehead to your toes,
And wind a helicoid around your editorial nose.

V.

In a hyperbolic spiral your ideas I'll entangle,
With a radius vector varying inversely as your angle.
I'll make you square the circle and triangulate the
sphere,
Then dismiss you on a tangent, with a cissoid in your
ear.

VI.

Your horizontal parallax I'll next proceed to find
With a double-barrelled telescope and levelling-rod
combined ;
I'll then project you upwards with intensifying speed
Till the cosine of your altitude is very small indeed.

VII.

Beyond the reach of gravity you'll find yourself at
last,
With asteroids annoying you and comets whirling
past ;
And never to your earthly home serenely will you
float,
Till the infinite hyperbola shall meet its asymptote.

VIII.

Then beware ! — it is the season now for maples to be
tapped
Learn wisdom from the sugar camp, before your
strength is sapped ;
For though you estimate yourself the heavier man
to be,
Yet mine's the greater modulus of elasticitee.

SORDID.¹

"When poverty enters the door, Love flies out of the window."—*Old Adage.*

"Stamping done here."—*Miss Minx, the Milliner*

I.

Eros, the lord alike of gods and men,
Ruler of courts, of cottages and camps,
Who that hath felt his power can think again
Of stamps.

II.

He favors not alone the rich and great,
He warms the pauper's heart — illumines the tramp's ;
He yields no precedence to wealth or state,
Or stamps.

III.

"The naked negro, panting at the line,"
Loves : no restraint his glowing fervor damps ;
Nought doth he care for store of mint, or mine,
Or stamps.

¹ Written on the occasion of a contumelious intimation by a certain poetess that she regretted the stamps she had expended in conducting a somewhat unnecessarily protracted correspondence.

IV.

What, then, this Poverty that drives Love back —
Defies his darts — extinguishes his lamps ?
Is it mere lack of worldly pelf — mere lack
Of stamps ?

V.

No ; to repel him is the miser's lot ;
'Tis avarice love's energy that cramps.
Yes ; 'tis a Poverty of Soul, and not
Of stamps.

VI.

Spread — spread thine iridescent wings, O Love !
Fly from these mercenary Mrs. Gamps ;
And seek a maiden with a soul above
Mere stamps !

ON RECEIVING FURTHER OBLOQUY
FROM THE SAME SOURCE.

AIR:— *The Wearing of the Green.*

I.

Rest, rest, perturbèd spirit,¹ rest ! Disordered mind,
 be calm ;
Nor mingle angry clangor with the chimes of Notre
 Dame.
Such names as “liar,” “arrant thief,” defile a gentle
 pen :
It is not seemly for a girl to flee at learned men.

II.

But though I ’m not a “bandit,” I can teach you this,
 fair maid :
When you wish to use a weapon, do not hold it by the
 blade.
If there ’s naught in Colorado save the filling of the
 purse,
And your aims are all prosaic, why do *you* rush into
 verse ?

¹ Shakspeare, I think ; but my credits sometimes embarrass me more than my debits.

III.

Love gold, if that's your nature, but it will not help
your luck
To make the Car of Poetry a vehicle for truck.
Cast no more wistful glances at the laurel's sacred
boughs,
But bind a wreath of sage-brush on your mercenary
brows.

IV.

O Plutus, filthy Plutus ! do your prophetesses think
To sell the bright Pierian wave at fifteen cents a
drink ?
Or send it bottled C. O. D. with catalogues of
"cures,"
And "chemical analysis ?" Apollo this endures ?

V.

The Muse affronted stands aghast, her lute away she
flings
When bid to sing of postage stamps,—the nasty, sticky
things ;
Nor can we wonder, seeing you defy celestial ire,
That when you next invoke the Muse, a Fury should
inspire.

VI.

I see you on the cañon's brink, the Fury to you clings,
A *burro* is your Pegasus, — you take his ears for
wings ;

And when you make the fatal plunge, *without*¹ your
“flying horse,”

The outraged Nine assembled chant a pæan o'er your
corse.

P. S.— Please stamp here.

¹ Those conversant with *burro* nature will ask no explanation of how this could be.

ULTERIOR VIEWS.

Carpe diem.—*Horace.*

ARIA : *The Days when we went Gypsying.*

[N. B.— A well-executed double-clog at the end of each verse will much enhance the moral effect of this unpretending little lyric.]

I.

Ulterior views ! ulterior views !
What horrid things they are !
The outlook's wide enough without
Extending it so far.
Encountering Jim the other night
I, breathless, asked the news ;
But he said : " I 'll see you later,"
For he had ulterior views.
Repeat, Calando: He said : " I 'll see you later,"
For he had ulterior views.

(And thus repeat the closing lines of each successive stanza.)

II.

While at a ball I late essayed
Politely to advance
And ask a high-toned girl to be
My partner in the dance ;

To my discomfiture, she said :
" You really must excuse ;"
For millionaires were present
And she had ulterior views.

III.

I met a lovely damsel once
Who realized my dreams,
And squandered my inheritance
On peanuts and ice-creams ;
Yet when I offered her my hand,
My hand she did refuse ;
She said : " I rather like you,
But I've got ulterior views."

IV.

In desperation I resolved
A POET I would be,
And pluck undying laurels from
Apollo's sacred tree.
How sad the answer I received
When I invoked the Muse :
" I can't inspire you, really,
For I've got ulterior views."

V.

Cold calculation ever thus
Our present bliss benumbs.

Uphold the good old adage, then :

“To-morrow never comes.”

The present moment only is

The one that we can use ;

Employ it wisely, therefore, and

Avoid ulterior views.

WANDERINGS OF A MIND.

I.

I've been roaming, wildly roaming
Where the Lion hath its lair,
And the Western Winds are combing —
Combing Berenice's Hair ;
Where fierce Ursa Major rageth,
And Orion's hands are full,
As unceasing strife he wageth
With the Zodiacal Bull.

II.

I've been stalking, gravely stalking
Up and down the Milky Way,
Where the Asteroids are talking
Of obtaining "rec." to-day ;
But I calm their mad commotion
With a mild, paternal frown,
And they lay aside the notion,
As I'm bound to put it down.

III.

I've been ranging, freely ranging
Through the backward flight of years,

And I hear the everchanging
Solemn music of the spheres ;
Andromeda, Centaurus,
And Boötes with his aunt,
All are joining in the chorus
Of that grand Gregorian chant.

OTHER THEMES.

CECILIAN DAYS.

Cecilian Days ! Cecilian Days !
How many memories they raise !
Fond recollections of the scenes
 And friends of days of yore —
Though many a season intervenes,
 And we shall see no more
Those triumphs of an early day,
Those Fathers kind and comrades gay
 That dreams to us restore.

Hark ! through the woods the echoes ring,
And startled birds are on the wing,
To flee the clamor of the drums
 And shrieking fifes that tell
A band of young Cecilians comes ;
 Behold their banners swell
And glitter, to the breezes spread !
Their uniforms of blue and red
 Become the striplings well.

Whose is the well-known form they seek,
While each and all his praises speak ?

To greet their Father and their guide
They hasten in their joy ;
He welcomes them with worthy pride —
How soon can Time destroy !
Beyond the lake the cedars wave
Above that loving Father's grave,
While dreams our minds employ.

Cecilian days ! Cecilian days !
How many pleasant hopes they raise,
When thinking of success achieved
By old associates since
They left our halls, and have received
The praises that evince
A merit, whose foundations laid
Amongst us, have the builder made
Beyond his peers a prince.

Some in the busy marts of trade
Have fortunes honorably made ;
And some have sought forensic praise
In crowded courts to share ;
While others, shunning worldly ways,
The way to Heav'n prepare
Both for themselves and comrades dear
Who once associated here
Should still be comrades there.

And some have passed the shrouded shore,
And we shall hear their voice no more
Till St. Cecilia's welcome falls
 On our glad ears, while in amaze
We greet her in those heavenly halls;
 And on that blessed Vision gaze—
The guerdon of an earthly strife.
Oh! may we seek that after-life
 In these Cecilian days!

SHADOWS CAST BY THE MORNING STAR.

No streak of dawn had tinged the cloudless skies,
The crescent moon had set, and yet a ray
Of creamy lustre with its glad surprise

Awaked me. Phosphor, harbinger of day,
Threw shadows of my lattice on the floor
Distinctly traced. A thousand stars or more
Shone in the East : the glowing Charioteer
And Leda's twins with crowns of lambent fire,
Belted Orion, and the maiden choir

Of Pleiads ; red-eyed Saturn, too, was near.
Cross-lights from these too feeble were by far
To fur the edges of those shadows cast.

Transcendent joy, by shade of misery past,
Is measured, like the light of this fair star.

NOTRE DAME, August, 1884.

VAIN REGRETS.

I.

Oh! could I but my steps retrace,
Remembering all I've learned,
My past would wear a different face,
And present joys be earned :
Experience would guide me well
Each error to evade,
And each occasion to foretell
Where profit could be made.

II.

Thus, sadly musing, sighs Remorse,
We all have felt the pain ;
In Egotism it finds its source,
And yields us little gain.
For calm Reflection answers him :
Suppose that it were so,
And Providence should grant your whim,
How far, then, could you go?

III.

Experience could teach you, true,
Your *first* fault to escape,

But then would break upon your view
Affairs in different shape.
Your subsequent career would so
By this be modified,
Experience could not with you go
Nor be your constant guide.

IV.

Such varied form doth circumstance—
No two alike—assume,
That vainly strives Experience
The darkness to illumine.
The glimmering light that she affords
Is ours—'twas dearly bought :
Without a brighter light—the Lord's—
Our future will be naught.

A STUDY OF FEMININE CHARACTER.

I.

You are saucy, but yet not a minx, it is plain,
Since a minx is good-humored, though flippant
and vain.

Still less as a prude should we name you aright,
For a prude is discreet, and of manners polite.

II.

Nor can we apply the dread title of shrew ;
A shrew inspires terror, and so do not you.
A vixen, perhaps, would appropriate be,
But of humorous wit she can boast a degree.

III.

To be called a virago, indeed you'd be proud —
Viragoes are hearty and dashing and loud ;
Fair play they observe when they " chaff " with
the men ;
But you cry " no fair " when you're chaffed at
again.

IV.

Do not hope as a termagant ever to shine :
By Juno, the termagant's somewhat divine ;
Sublime is the height her ferocity gains —
Your wrath to sublimity never attains.

V.

Your faults are not vices—they're rather too
small —
And pusillanimity covers them all.
Comprehensively may we your qualities lump
In one monosyllable, Miss, you're a FRUMP.

THE FIRE IN THE PRINTING HOUSE.

AUGUST 11, 1878.

Saint Laurence Festival had reached its close,
The sun had set—the twilight too had passed,
When Saturn's¹ pale, malefic orb appeared
Above the forest east of Notre Dame.
Occupant now of Aries' fiery sign,
And working ill to all he gazed upon.

The guardian of the printing house, with care,
Made at that hour his final evening round
To see that all was well; and all seemed well,
Save that upon the breathless, stagnant air,
There lingered odors of a smouldering fire:
"Some brush-heap burns," quoth he, and dallied not,
But Saturn's work of hate was going on.

Midnight is past, and wrapped in balmy sleep,
The brotherhood repose, and all is still;
But he that bears the name of that great Saint
Whose festival was just completed, found

1. On the 10th of August, 1878, Saturn being in the first hour of Aries rose between 8 and 9 P. M. He culminated between 2 and 3 A. M. on the 11th

No rest upon his iron bed, perhaps
His patron's fiery couch had on his mind
Taken too strong a hold,—perhaps the Saint,
While danger threatened, would not let him sleep.
Howe'er it might be, from his restless bed
He rose, and paced unresting up and down.

'Twas two o'clock and past, and Saturn's orb
Had reached meridian height—ha! what is that?—
That lurid flicker in the printing house?
Struggling with volumes of outpouring smoke,
Seen by the moonlight streaming from the West?
'Tis fire—devouring fire—an outcry soon
Arouses all the sleeping brotherhood,
And pistol shots are heard, as though it were
Detected as incendiary work.
But no incendiary was at hand,
The pistol only echoed to arouse.

Now at the pumps behold a motley throng.
A line is formed, the wave baptismal flows
To rescue from the flames. Some on the roof
Are forcing entrance: some at windows try
Though oft repulsed by suffocating clouds.
They seek to trace the cause of all the ill
And fight the evil in its origin.

Meanwhile that moist and watery orb, the Moon,¹
Is forcing to Aquarius her way
Where Jupiter awaits her : thus they join
To frustrate Saturn's evil purposes ;
And then the fire is checked, and all retire
To bind their wounds and thank the heavenly pow'rs.

1. The moon entered Aquarius just as the fire was extinguished.

BOYS SKATING.

How hale their cheeks, how glad their eyes appear !
How blithe they glide upon the frozen mere !
Shod with the steel that glisters as they curve.
In grace unstudied, lithely they preserve
A poise aerial as the swallows fly.
“ But why this labor ? ” Orientals cry :
“ Is it some strife that emulation breeds ?
Some mimic war to train for nobler deeds ?
As when the untuneful Nine dispute the base,
And mark the score upon the umpire’s face ? ”
No quarrel here. “ Then, do they recreate
A wearied brain, or health recuperate ? ”
Such thought the hypochondriac mind employs,
Prudential motives never urge the boys.
No future care, corroding, intervenes ;
Skating to them an *end* is, not a *means*.
And while they skim across the icy lake,
Their aim is simple : Act for action’s sake.
My Asiatic neighbor, learn from them
A truth long hidden from the sons of Shem :
Japhet’s glad sons crave no Nirvana rest ;
They teach the world: *to do* is to be blest.

WRITTEN AFTER DARK.

He was wealthy and young and of noble blood,
But ever beside him a spectre stood.

When he rode to the hunt with hound and horse,
The spectre followed his headlong course.

When he mounted the castle's winding stair,
The spectre's step for each step was there.

When he sat at the feast in his father's hall,
Up-loomed before him the spectre tall.

Its look struck terror, its glance affright,
Though none but he saw the fearsome sight.

Men called him merry — men thought him gay,
While his raven locks were turning grey.

It brought him at length to his cold death-bed,
And hovered in triumph above his head.

And above his grave, when they laid him there,
Did the spectre dance to a mocking air.

While it wrote on the stone, with fiendish glee,
“Judge no man happy by what ye see.”

THE COMMENTATOR.

THE COMMENTATOR.

A VISION OF THE REMOTE FUTURE.

Let us launch ourselves — we that write for posterity — into the abyss of futurity, and imagine ourselves arrived at a time when the language we now speak shall have become surrounded by the halo of antiquity. Let us take up a volume of "Ancient American Anthology," and thus read the remaining fragment of "Kathleen Mavourneen," enriched with copious notes, by Dr. Fudge:

Kathleen Mavourneen,¹ the grey² dawn is breaking,³

The⁴ 'orn⁵ of the 'unter is 'eard on the 'ill.⁶

The lark⁷ from her light wing the bright dew⁸ is shaking,

Kathleen Mavourneen! what! slumbering still!⁹

NOTES.

¹ *Mavourneen*.—The ancient Americans appear always to have had two names—sometimes more. The last was the family name, seldom mentioned in lyric poetry. This is a remarkable instance to the contrary. The *gens Mavourneen* was quite a distinguished one among the ancients.

² *Grey*.—The name of a color; but what color it was has long been the subject of dispute. From the constant recurrence of the epithet "*rosy*," applied to the dawn, we should imagine that the two terms were synonymous, "*grey*" being used instead of "*rosy*" for the sake of the metre. Now "*rosy*," it is well known, signifies the color of the rose. "*Grey*," therefore, undoubtedly means red. Professor Flinders (absurdly enough) imagines that grey signifies the dull, dingy color sometimes observed in the morning sky, and instances the "honor due to grey hairs," so frequently adverted to in the classics. He thinks that grey hair indicates the hair of old age. This is a lamentable error. The ancient Americans were not particularly respectful to old age, but we all know their extreme regard for red hair.

³ *Breaking*.—"To break" (Gr. *ἄγνυμι*) is properly a transitive verb. Hence, we naturally ask, "What does the dawn break?" To some, this passage has presented considerable difficulty, but we think it is easily disposed of. The dawn, of course, *breaks the monotony* that would soon supervene, were the continuance of night perpetual.

⁴ *The 'orn of the 'unter is 'eard on the 'ill*.—The common version has it: "*The horn of the hunter is heard on the hill*," but as the erudite and sagacious Gammon justly observes, the constant recurrence of the aspirate resembles the panting and puffing of a steam engine, and sadly mars the har-

mony of the poem. We have thought it an emendation to substitute the *spiritus lenis* of the cockney dialect, so often met with in the works of Dickens, and which was cultivated by the inhabitants of London, a celebrated eastern colony of the ancient Americans. This reading is supported by one or two manuscripts, and is undoubtedly the original.

5 "*Orn.*—The ancient American hunters used to carry their powder in '*orns*, or *horns*, as the common edition has it. How these "*horns*" could be *heard* does not at first seem evident, but when we reflect on the careless habits of our ancestors, and particularly on their practice of smoking cigars while loading their guns, it is not surprising that explosions of the powder should frequently have happened, so often, indeed, as to have been ordinary matutinal occurrences. Now, the explosion of a powder horn would undoubtedly have been audible to a considerable distance, and although the hypothesis is rather frightful to those who attempt to realize the actual social condition of the ancient Americans, yet it throws a very satisfactory light upon an otherwise obscure passage, and is therefore valuable to the classical scholar.

6 "*Ill.*—Flinders thinks this word should be "*hill*," an eminence, but, in view of a preceding hypothesis (see note 5 *supra*), we should rather take it to mean "*ill*"—evil—(Gr. τὸ κακόν) a severe reflection on the evil habit of loading guns while smoking cigars.

7 "*Lark.*—Whether this is the name of a real bird, or whether the word "*wing*," which occurs in the same line, is entirely figurative, is a very doubtful question. Dr. Bargy supports the bird theory, and claims that it is the same bird as the phoenix or jacksnipe. On the use of the word "*lark*" in the sense of "*frolic*," see Lively "On Ancient American Amusements."

8 "*Dew.*—This is properly the subject of the sentence, the prose order of the words being: "*The bright dew is shaking the lark from her light wing.*" That is, the heavy dews falling on the bird's wing, cause it to tremble in its flight. We must admit that the hyperbole is a little strained, particularly if the bird theory (see note 7 *supra*) be correct. Professor Damper, however, has shown that in former times dew always fell in the morning, and was much heavier than at present.

9 "*Still.*—The "*still*" was an instrument used in the manufacture of whiskey, a beverage to the use of which the ancient Americans were very much addicted. The exclamation "*what!*" indicates the surprise of the speaker at finding the "*still*" slumbering,—that is, unemployed,—the exigencies of social life usually keeping the "*still*" going day and night. The person addressed in the song, viz.: "*Kathleen Mavourneen*," was probably a saloon keeper who made his own whiskey. Regarding the form of the ancient "*still*," but little is known, except that there were worms in it. That these were common earth-worms is hardly credible, although the celebrated Diet of Worms shows that even they were extensively eaten by our ancestors. Something more like the *vermicelli* of the Italians was probably the worm of the "*still*." Professor Flinders here again makes an egregious blunder. He confounds this word with the adverb "*still*," and makes it simply modify *slumbering*, which again he refers to *Kathleen Mavourneen*, and reaches the climax of absurdity by attributing the feminine gender to the latter! Think of a delicate female slumbering peacefully in the midst of diabolical explosions, such as are hinted at in the second line of this remarkable poem! We are sorry that no more than this fragment remains to us, for we are sure that the context would utterly confute the ridiculous conjectures of men like Flinders.

IL CIRIEGIO.

IL CIRIEGIO.

AN ITALIAN OPERETTA.

(This Operetta is given in English words, which have been carefully adapted to the beautiful Italian airs of the original, and it is hoped that as a translation it will be found correct. The story illustrates an incident of the pre Revolutionary period, with which our readers are possibly acquainted.)

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

GIORGIO (*Tenore*).

IL SIGNORE (*Basso Profundo*).

L'AMICO INDISCRETO DELLA FAMIGLIA (*Baritono*).

SAMBO (*Soprano Primo*).

CORO ETIOPO.

SCENA.

The Garden of IL SIGNORE. A cherry tree in the center, covered with caramels, gum drops, kisses and other appropriate fruits. Chorus of juvenile Ethiopians, with SAMBO, arranged in semi-circle. Enter L'AMICO and GIORGIO from opposite sides, meeting in front.

L'AMICO : (ARIA *Jan' chi Dudlo.*)
My dearest George, I can't forbear
(While mournfully departing,)
Donating you this slight affair — [*Presents*
Hatchet.]
To keep your tears from starting.

CORO ETIOPO : O ! take the gift thy friend supplies,
Nor let another snatch it.—
No sweeter pledge could love devise
Than this immortal hatchet.

•

L'AMICO : I hope when barking off a tree,
Or splitting wood for kindling,
Your heart will fondly turn to me,
With fervor never dwindling.

CORO ETIOPO : O ! take the gift thy friend supplies,
Nor let another snatch it,—
No sweeter pledge could love devise
Than this immortal hatchet.

L'AMICO : Accept my present, then, and though
Unblest I am in leaving ;
I still shall feel, where'er I go,
That you to me are cleaving.

CORO ETIOPO : O ! take the gift thy friend supplies,
Nor let another snatch it —
No sweeter pledge could love devise
Than this immortal hatchet.

GIORGIO : (*Accepting the hatchet*)—(ARIA : *Il grido di Libertà.*)

I thank thee for the gift, friend. I'll use it with a will —
Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom—
And faithful to your memory you'll ever find me still —
Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom.

CORO ETIOPO : The Union for Ever, d'ye see, boys,
d'ye see?
Up with the hatchet and down with
the tree,
For he thanks thee for the gift, friend.
He'll use it with a will,—
Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom.

GIORGIO : The touch of it inspires me ! I feel a mighty
throb,—
Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom.
If history I should escape, 'twill be a put-up
job,—
Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom.

CORO ETIOPO : The Union for Ever, d'ye see, boys,
d'ye see?
Up with the hatchet and down with
the tree.
For if history he should escape, 'twill
be a put-up job,—
Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom.

The Juvenile Ethiopians join hands and circle round GIOR-
GIO and L'AMICO. Farewell embrace, and *Exit* L'AMICO.

ORCHESTRA. *Il Sôgno di Diavolo.*

GIORGIO dances furiously, chopping at everything within reach, at first to the delight of the juvenile Ethiopians. But when he finally barks off the cherry-tree, they express consternation and apprehension by their gestures. *Exit* GIORGIO.

CORNET SOLO : *L'Ultima Rôsa dell' Estate.*

The juvenile Ethiopians march sadly and solemnly around the tree.

Enter IL SIGNORE.

IL SIGNORE : (ARIA: *La Bandiera stellata.*)

O say ! can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly I hailed in the twilight's last gleam-
ing ;

Whose green leaves and red fruit were so rich and so
bright,

Far more lovely than any I've seen in my dreaming?
So fresh and so fair—(*Sees tree*) What ! I vow and
declare,

A most horrible sight ! Why ! what rascal would dare
To destroy my pet cherry ! (*Catches SAMBO by the ear*)

Was't you, you young slave ?

Now, what do you mean thus my anger to brave ?

(*Chastises with cane.*)

SAMBO : (ARIA : *Va, mosca !*)

No massa, 'twasn't me ! no massa, 'twasn't me !
No, massa, 'twasn't me ! for I nebber whittled dat ar
tree.

I feel—I feel—I feel—I feel so awful sore,
I won't—I won't—I won't—I won't do so no more

No, massa, 'twasn't me. (*Repeat ad nauseam.*)

IL SIGNORE *marks time on SAMBO's back during this song.*

Enter GIORGIO.

GIORGIO : (ARIA : *La Gemma dell' Oceano.*)

O, father, suspend your emotion,
Or let it be turned upon me ;
Though I'm sure that I hadn't a notion
You set so much store by that tree.
But although I am going to catch it,
I cannot deny what is true ;
I did it with my little hatchet,
Hurrah for the Red, White and Blue !

CORO ETIOPO : (*Parading with flags, which they produce from under their jackets.*)

Yes : although he's a gwine for to catch it,
He cannot deny what is true ;
He did it with his little hatchet,
Hurrah for the Red, White and Blue !

TABLEAU. GIORGIO receives his father's blessing.

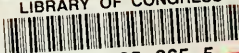
ORCHESTRA : *Le Guardie dei Mu'ligani.*

DISPLAY OF PYROTECHNY.

CURTAIN.



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